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AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

COLLEGE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY,

AT CHAPEL-HILL,

MAY 21st, 1836.

BY W. J. BINGHAM.

RALEIGH:

PRINTED BY J. GALES & SON.

1836.

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH-CAROLINA, }
May 25th, 1836. }

To Mr. W. J. Bingham,

SIR:

We are instructed by the College Temperance Society, to present to you their thanks, for the very appropriate and impressive Address delivered before them, and to request of you a copy for publication.

We indulge the hope, that you will add to their other obligations, by complying with their request.

CHARLES L. PETTIGREW,
JOHN T. JONES,
B. M. HOBSON,

Committee.

HILLSBOROUGH, May 28th, 1836.

Young Gentlemen:

The Address, a copy of which you request for publication, was prepared, as you are aware, on very short notice, in a few broken intervals, not of leisure, but of exhaustion from official duties. It was written to be heard only, not to be read. Some of the arguments have no claim to originality; nor even all the language. But, as you do me the honor to think 'it will do good,' and have taken the trouble to raise funds, by subscription, to meet the expense of printing, I feel obliged to submit it, with all its imperfections, to your disposal.

Your obedient servant,

W. J. BINGHAM.

To Messrs. C. L. Pettigrew,
J. T. Jones, and
B. M. Hobson.

AN ADDRESS.

My young friends can scarcely have been so unreasonable as to expect any thing new, on a subject so hackneyed, as that, on which their kind partiality has invited me to address them; an honor, which I felt the less at liberty to decline, in consequence of having once before declined it; though the utmost that I could hope to achieve, was "to stir up their pure minds by way of remembrance."

The art of distillation was first discovered by a Mahometan Alchymist, while torturing the good creatures of God, in search of a universal solvent: and the alcoholic liquid was for centuries employed only in such mysterious arts. It was not until more than five thousand years of the world's history had passed away, that the luckless ingenuity of a Spanish physician first suggested its use as a medicine; nor till centuries afterwards, that popular taste established it as a wholesome beverage in health. In this latter character, how often and how literally has it realized the Italian epitaph, "I was well; I wanted to be better; took physic, and here I am." Down to the 16th century, it was kept exclusively on the Apothecary's shelf, and sold as a medicine. According to Camden, the English soldiers first adopted it as a cordial, while assisting the Dutch in the Netherlands, in 1581. This, you will observe, was towards the close of the 16th century; and, yet, before the middle of the 18th, did so shameful a degree of profligacy prevail in England, that Smollet says, "The retailers of the poisonous compound, gin, set up painted boards in public, inviting the people to be drunk for the small expense of a penny, assuring them that they might be dead-drunk for two pence, and have straw to lie on 'till they recovered, for nothing." It would seem almost unaccountable that the public morals should, in so short a time, have become so debased: and, indeed, the cause can be found, only in the essential tendency of the liquid itself, to give ascendancy to the animal over the moral and intellectual powers, the pleasurable feeling it excites, and the insatiable appetite it induces. Dulce periculum est, O Lenace!

When the novice takes his first glass of spirits, he feels an instantaneous excitement; his pulse quickens; his eye sparkles; his tongue is loosed; his imagination is awakened; every thing assumes the appearance of vivacity and glee. And what if it is the excitement of momentary delirium, instead of the exhilaration

of youth—the hilarity of the incipient maniac, instead of the buoyant cheerfulness of innocence; why then, it makes one feel ‘so royal;’ it pays the poor man’s debts, and makes him rich; it expands the dwarf into a giant; it turns the beggar into a prince; it eases anxiety of its load of cares; it makes the coward brave: indeed, I have known it make a little, puny, insignificant Freshman ‘the best man upon the grit’; in fact, he swore he was ‘half horse, half alligator, and a little touch of the snapping turtle’.

But, to be serious; we have seen that it cannot be more than two centuries and a half since ardent spirit came into general use in Great Britain. The consequence has been, as one of their own writers declares, “that intemperance has cost that country more lives, demoralized more persons, broken more hearts, beggared more families, and sent more souls to perdition, than all other vices together”. In our own country, the general use of this liquor is of much more recent date. The pilgrim fathers of New-England encountered all the hardships of a new settlement on a bleak and rugged coast, in a cold climate, without the ordinary accommodations and comforts of life, without ardent spirit: and yet they were capable of performing more labor; they were more healthy and robust, and attained to a greater average longevity, than any generation of their descendants. It was not until that mighty struggle which gave birth to our Republic was ended, that the error began generally to prevail in this country, that ardent spirit is a wholesome article of luxury or diet, and a salutary aid to labor. In the hardships which the soldiers of the Revolution were doomed to undergo, the Government, under the fatal delusion that it would enable them the better to bear the fatigue and perils of the camp and the battle-field, furnished them with a portion of this poison: And when our independence was achieved, and the army disbanded, vast numbers carried with them, into all sections of the country, the diseased appetite, which the use of spirits never fails to create; and so rapidly did the contagion spread, that before fifty years of our national existence had elapsed, it required more than sixty millions of gallons to meet its demands: And though all sober men saw and deplored the evil, yet these demands were ever increasing; things were growing from bad to worse.

The chemist, after a rigid analysis of alcohol, had pronounced it a poison. The physician joined him in its denunciation. Its own effects proved it a poison. Still, so fashionable and, unfortunately, so genteel had the use of it become, and such was its power to deceive those who used it, that the mass of the people persuaded themselves, that moderately taken it was salubrious, and to laboring men even needful.

The army of drunkards was more than three hundred thousand strong; and though fair statistics have shown, that of this host thirty thousand were cut off each year by the hardness of the service, yet such was the activity and such the success of the recruiting officers—the importers, manufacturers and venders—that the ranks of this great army, instead of being thinned by the annual loss of thirty thousand men, were becoming still more crowded.

Dr. Rush had maintained that “all kinds of business would be better without the use of spirituous liquors; and that there are but one or two cases, in which they can be used without essential injury”; and Chapman, “that the evils of using them are so great, that the emptying of Pandora’s box was but a type of what has been experienced by the diffusion of these liquors among the human race.”

Judge Hale, after twenty years’ experience and observation, had declared, “that if all the murders, and manslaughters, and burglaries, robberies, riots and tumults, adulteries, rapes and other high enormities, which had been committed in that time, were divided into five parts, four of them would be found to flow from intemperance.” The Sheriff of London and Middlesex had publicly denounced ardent spirit as the ‘root of all evils.’ The Friends had forbidden their members to engage in the traffic, and discountenanced the use as an immorality. But, notwithstanding these and similar testimonies, which it were endless to enumerate, the evil still continued to grow; and we seemed in danger of becoming what the malice of our enemies some years ago designated us—‘a nation of drunkards.’

But, in the language of the Fourth Report of the American Temperance Society, “a great change has taken place, and one, which, in the rapidity and extent of its progress, has no parallel in the history of man. Already is it spoken of by the wise and good in this and other countries, as one of the wonders of the world.”

“The great discovery,” says a European writer, “has at length come forth, like the light of a new day, that the temperate members of society are the chief agents in promoting and perpetuating drunkenness. On whose mind this great truth first rose, is not known. Whoever he was, whether humble or great, peace to his memory. He has done more for the good of the world, than he who enriched it with the knowledge of a new continent. But for him, Americans and Europeans might have continued to countenance the moderate, ordinary use of a substance, whose most moderate, ordinary use is danger; and amidst a flood of prejudice and temptation urged onward by themselves, they would have made rules against drunkenness, like ropes of sand, to be burst and buried by the coming wave.”

'Temperance Societies', says another, 'have arisen on our darkness, like the cheering star of hope. They now flash across our Eastern Hemisphere, with the bright and beauteous radiance of the bow of promise.'

'It would be an act of ingratitude to our American friends', says a third, 'were we, in any degree, to throw into the shade, the obligations under which we lie to them, for having originated this noble cause. If the names of Washington and others, are deservedly dear to them, for their struggles in the cause of freedom, then are other names, which will descend to the latest posterity, as the deliverers of their country from a thralldom more dreadful by far than any foreign yoke.'

Well may we regard it matter of honest pride and patriotic exultation, that the temperance reformation had its origin 'in our own, our native land.' It is well known that Englishmen have long looked on every thing American with an eye of jealousy at least, if not of hostility. But here, our father-land, while it may well envy us the honor, acknowledges the obligation, follows in our wake, and cheers us onward.

The Royal Patriotic Society of Sweden applied, some years ago, for our temperance Journals, and expressed a strong wish to become acquainted with the organization and mode of proceeding of our temperance societies. The Journals were sent, and the principles of the reformation spread like wildfire.

Our temperance tracts have been published in three different languages in Russia, and are producing wonderful effects in that vast empire, to the very borders of China and Persia. Our country stands on a proud moral elevation, and great is her responsibility. 'In England, Ireland and Scotland: Sweden, Denmark and Russia: Germany, India and China: Africa and the Islands of the Sea,* men are waking from the slumber of ages, and following our example.' They look to us for information, acknowledge their obligations to our priority, and cheer us in our march. And shall we slack our efforts? While the Christian missionary from the United States is in each quarter of the globe, laboring by the light of the gospel, to dispel the darkness of superstition, and the thick darkness of paganism, and our temperance publications have gone to his aid, as potent auxiliaries in his holy work, shall we take off our armour, and yield ourselves up to inglorious ease, until the foe of God and our country shall recover strength, and re-open his campaign with invigorated rage and accumulated numbers? Or will we leave the field to drink the

* In one of the Sandwich Islands is a Temperance Society embracing seven hundred members. The traffic in spirits is prohibited by law; and a man was fined 200 dollars for selling a single bottle. Yet these islanders, a few years ago, were as fond of intoxicating drinks as the Aborigines of America.

blood of those who have nobly led the van, or crown their brow with laurels that the world might envy, while we share neither the perils nor the mead of praise? Let us not retire from a conflict so auspiciously begun. Perseverance, and perseverance alone, can insure permanent success. I trust we shall not in this resemble the Jews, who, after having given birth to the Saviour of mankind, left the rest of the world to enjoy the benefits of his salvation, abjuring it for themselves. In order to bring about a consummation so devoutly to be wished, it is of the last importance, that each society, indeed that each individual friendly to the cause—every sober man, whether young or old—should contribute his influence. Public obligation is made up of individual obligation. Each should work as if the whole work were his own.

If we except the American Temperance Society, the Congressional and the several State Temperance Societies, there is no other in the United States more interesting, or more important, than the College Temperance Societies.

I congratulate you, my young friends, and I congratulate North Carolina on the formation of your Society. Depend upon it, your efforts in this good cause are not viewed with indifference by the patriots and philanthropists of our State. You have their best wishes and their prayers: and while they bid you God speed, they look forward with earnest desires to the period, when College sentiment shall have expelled the waters of death from College walls, and their sons may be sent to this—the only *State* literary institution—to enjoy the advantages of solid and useful education, free from the danger of contracting habits of vice and dissipation, for which the finest literary attainments can make no adequate amends.

For myself individually, I cannot but feel an interest peculiarly strong in your Society; for I see identified, in no small degree with its success, the character of my own ‘alma mater.’ The character of the students constitutes, in the estimation of a parent at least, the grand feature in the character of a College. Able professors it may have; but these make only the scholar; it is the students that make the man: the professor operates on the intellect—the students on the heart. Besides, I see here some whose faces are familiar to me; whose young and yet unsteady steps it was my lot to guide along what to them probably seemed the rugged and forbidding paths of incipient education. Memory recalls their first painful and disheartening efforts, and the progressive steps of intellectual development; how mountains melted down to mole-hills, and difficulties which once discouraged, now only animated exertion. It can bear witness, too, to the ardent aspirings of youthful emulation—to the tenderness of virtuous

sensibility—to the honorable ambition to merit the regard of their teacher, and to gladden the hearts of their parents and friends, by the semi-annual testimonial of good deportment and good scholarship: And the friendly greeting, the cordial shake of the hand, the kind inquiry and the confidential letter, are so many grateful evidences, that efforts honest and sincere, however feeble, to promote their moral and literary advancement, are not forgotten. Not to reciprocate heartily those feelings of interest and friendship, were impossible. I know that *these*, and indeed I feel confident that all my young friends will allow me the liberty of all plainness of speech; and whatever value they may set on the suggestions I may make, they will at least do me the justice to be assured that they emanate from the sincerity of conviction and the honesty of Friendship.

And are none of my young friends in danger from the gradual and almost imperceptible advances of an insidious foe, which, under the guise of innocence and sociality, has first thrown off their guard, then led in giddy frolic, then bound fast in the iron chain of habit, hundreds and thousands of unsuspecting, then despairing, and then unresisting victims? Think you that your noble natures, which now shrink with horror from the thought of the drunkard's degradation, the drunkard's life and the drunkard's death, cannot be sensualized and brutalized as others?—Can you forget that no keenness of moral susceptibility, no respectability of connexions, no acuteness of intellectual discrimination, no brilliancy of genius, no superiority of talents, can exempt the habitual though moderate drinker, from the operation of that constitutional law of our nature, which drags him down by a force as fatal as it is irresistible, from the highest elevation of human refinement, to a level even lower than that of the brute? Can you forget that the noblest powers of mind have been prostrated by love of drink, induced first by quaffing occasionally the social bowl, and afterwards matured by the regular morning dram and noonday grog? The conqueror of the world was himself conquered by wine. The Scottish bard *yielded*, (who would believe that the author of the *Cotter's Saturday Night* could consent to besot a mind, formed in nature's finest mould, by beastly intemperance?) he did not consent—he yielded, after many a hard struggle, to the irresistible force of a tyrant appetite, which had chained him prisoner ere he was aware. He felt the degradation, he deplored it, he strove against it, but was crushed in the tyrant's grasp.

The accomplished Sir Richard Steele, who has been styled 'the most innocent rake that ever trod the rounds of dissipation,' had acquired in the camp a fondness for spirits; and though his gaieties and revels did not exclude the compunctious visitings of

conscience, in the hours of cool reflection, (for it was in these that he drew up his little treatise entitled 'The Christian Hero,' with the design, if we may believe himself, of being a check upon his passions,) yet despite the consciousness of his transcendent powers of mind, despite a humiliating sense of the baseness of the passion, despite his association with the elegant and amiable Addison in the authorship of the *Spectator*, despite the favor of Queen Anne, intemperance and its concomitant train of vices, impaired his intellect, made him a miserable paralytic, and sent him before his time to the grave. But why multiply the painful illustration of the fact, unhappily too well proven, that the noblest intellectual endowments cannot secure the man, who allows himself to indulge in the habitual though moderate use of ardent spirits, from the infamy of the drunkard? Well said Cassio in the *Play*, "Oh! that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains; that we should with joy, revel, pleasure and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!"

True, some men can and do restrict themselves to a glass or two a day, for a long succession of years, without adding to the quantity; but our own observation proves that very few comparatively can so restrain themselves: Nor is it by any means certain that this moderate indulgence is admitted with real, though it may be, with apparent impunity. It is said by Dr. Hosack, and the same fact is stated in McKenzie's 5000 Receipts, that in consequence of the habitual temperance among the Friends, one half of the members of that society live to the age of 47; and that one in ten lives to the age of 80: whereas the average of human life is 53, and not more than one in 40 of the general population attains the age of 80. Here, then, is a gain by temperance of more than 14 years in every life, or about 42 per cent. A distinguished medical writer has given it as his opinion that a single ounce of spirits daily used and never exciting ebriety, will deduct ten years from the sum of a man's life. This opinion was given, too, before the ingenious cupidity of manufacturers and dealers had contrived means to increase their ungodly gains by adulterating their liquors with water, and giving them the proper strength and bead by the admixture of sundry poisonous drugs; thus increasing the virulence and intensity of the poison, while they take due care to leave a sufficient spice of the pure spirit to deceive the palate and inflame the appetite. On this subject, some curious and some diabolical disclosures have been made within the last few years. I beg leave to mention a single one of the former character. A whiskey distiller carried a load of that article to a grocer in New-York, with whom he was in the habit of dealing, and wished to exchange it for Madeira wine. The grocer regretted that he had none on hand just then, but assured his customer that if he would wait 'till the next morning, he could furnish him, as he was every moment expecting a supply of the first

quality. In the course of the night, the identical whiskey had been, by some strange process, converted into double the quantity of genuine Madeira, and snugly stowed away in casks made to order, having all the brands and veritable custom-house marks. With this our honest grocer supplied his friend, at the moderate rate of one gallon of Madeira for four of whiskey. I have seen it stated, that more wine, purporting to be Madeira, was manufactured in the single city of New-York, in the year 1832, than was exported from the whole island. How many honest people fancy themselves genteelly exhilarated with genuine Madeira, when in fact they are half seas over with whiskey or New England rum.

Our natural appetites, as the appetite for food, and water, and sleep, may be gratified without increasing in their demands: but artificial appetites—and let it never be forgotten that the appetite for alcoholic drinks is an artificial one—for no one was ever born a drunkard, or with a drunkard's taste, except, it may be, by inheritance from besotted parents—nor did any one ever become a drunkard all at once—artificial appetites, by the law of our nature, become more clamorous in proportion as they are indulged. Every glass does some violence to the delicate and complicated machinery of the nervous system, and every repetition destroys the harmony of some one of the thousand strings of which life is composed: And though a strong sense of the danger of increasing the quantity, and a tender regard to reputation may keep some men within the limits of a daily glass, yet the experiment is so fraught with danger; the road which the temperate drinker travels is so beset with snares and pit-falls, so haunted with ghastly spectres, and so strewn with the skulls and bleaching bones and bloated carcasses of unwary victims, that a wise man must shrink from pursuing it.

Besides, observation proves that nine out of ten of those who do escape the perils of this dangerous path, did not begin to indulge themselves in the luxury of a daily dram 'till they had acquired the firm strength of manhood, and their physical powers had been fully developed and matured. Not so when the taste is formed in youth. If the lad of sixteen or eighteen should try the experiment, he becomes almost inevitably a sot, and does not live out half his days. How many, and oh! how heart-rending are the instances of premature old age and death from this very cause! Many such are known to myself—of my own pupils not less than two certainly.

And does this Institution, consecrated to learning and science, present any temptations to the youthful disciple, to forswear his allegiance to the muses and to virtue, and become a votary of the most stupid and disgusting of all the ancient gods—the god of wine? Fain would we answer no: but our own observation checks the word ere we utter it. Often has it happened (and in

more than one instance to my own knowledge) that the love of the inebriate's bowl was first acquired here. From the shops in this very village has the intoxicating beverage been often introduced into those buildings, to awaken a new hilarity in the College coterie. Such was the case when I was a student; and deep has been the forfeit. A class-mate of my own, a young man of robust constitution, amiable disposition, and the most respectable connexions, learned in College to love strong drink. In less than four years after he left this place, he died a miserable sot, before he was twenty-five, in all the nameless horrors of delirium tremens!—A young man of a class below, who allured him to the bacchanal revel, had run the drunkard's short career, and met his awful retribution before him.—Over the untimely grave of a third were his friends called to weep the bitter tears of high but disappointed hope. The foundation of his disease was laid *here* in the convivial glass.—A lad of promise, once a pupil of my own, afterwards a student of this University, was, before he reached twenty, stretched upon his death-bed, in all the decrepitude of premature old age, and still supplicating in sepulchral accents for more of the poison which had laid him there.

One of Carolina's gifted sons, an ornament for a time of the bar, a man who might have graced the Senate chamber of the nation, learned while a student here, in the infancy of the Institution, to quaff the foaming bowl. The habit grew on him. Occasionally he suspended it; but as often was his resolution broken: And now he lives—the fire of his bright intellect quenched—the miserable wreck of his former self—a burden on the children whose rightful patrimony he had squandered, and whose mother's heart, a woman among the loveliest of her sex, his unfeeling brutality had broken: And yet he was once a kind father, and a tender and affectionate husband.

Had we a biographical sketch of all the alumni of this Institution, in how many instances would the history be recorded in a few words like these. While young he learned to partake of the convivial cup: Once or twice on a College holiday, on the 22d February, or on a skating frolic, he drank too much: the habit grew on him; he was scarcely settled in business before he threw himself away. He is dead! How aptly does Hannah Moore compare the sending of a boy to College to the act of the Scythian mothers, who threw their new-born children into the sea. The greater part of course perished: but those that escaped were uncommonly strong and vigorous.

A young man of extraordinary genius, who was graduated at Princeton with the first distinction, was seen by a party of students, in less than one short year, lying in the street—his brow, so recently crowned with the laurels of the college, now begrimed with dirt. On observing in the young men a disposition to make themselves merry at his expense, with some effort he raised himself a little, and supported on his elbows, addressed them in lan-

guage like this: 'Young men, I once stood erect and walked firmly on the ground as you do now. Had I been told but a year ago that I would be found in my present condition, I should have contemned the prophet, and exclaimed, as did one of old, 'Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?' It is ardent spirit, fit only to be concocted in hell and swallowed by devils, that has prostrated me in this vile mud, and made me despise myself.—Laugh not at a poor ruined wretch, who can no longer control the raging fury of his appetite. Be rather admonished by his example; and as you regard your reputation, as you love yourselves, beware of the *first glass*, beware of the *College wine party*, the morning dram, and the evening potation.'

Young men need no artificial excitement. They are not only healthier, but happier without it. The pleasure of getting drunk is overbalanced by the pain of getting sober.

..... 'Facilis descensus Avernî;
Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est.'

Leaving all ulterior consequences out of view, the sober, industrious student enjoys a greater sum of happiness in his College course, than his more merry companion. His happiness resembles the gentle rivulet flowing from a perennial spring; that of the dram-drinker is like the gushing of the fitful syphon, which is presently dry, 'till the reservoir be again filled.

Young men should regard entire abstinence and temperance as synonymous terms. A single glass is just a glass too much, and provokes to another; the second to a third, and the sum of the series is prostration of body and often of reason. If anger may be called temporary madness, surely intemperance deserves not a milder name. Indeed, more than half of the unfortunate beings who are locked up in the Lunatic Asylums in this country and in Europe, are known to owe their insanity to intemperance. And though it was in most instances the result of a protracted course of indulgence, yet reason was by little and little dethroned. It was long before the throne began to totter; but the first glass dissolved one small particle of the foundation, and so commenced the breach.

I have known young men afraid to inspire exhilarating gas, lest under its influence they should betray some trait of character, which they would prefer to conceal. Much more should they fear to swallow that exciter of the passions—that traitor to character—ardent spirit.

A Dutchman, who was removing with his family to the western part of Virginia, came to the Hot Springs. Pleased with the appearance of the soil, and the majestic grandeur of the forest, he told his sons he should like to stop there; and directing them to ungear the horses, he went down to the spring to try the water. Alarmed at its temperature, he hurried back to the wagon, exclaiming, 'Gear up boys, gear up; for be sure, hell ish not

more as half a mile from dish place.'—We laugh at the ignorant terrors of the honest Dutchman: but there are *Springs* in this village much nearer the region which was the object of his dread, which are always ready to flow, and burn too, for six pence.—Avoid them, my young friends; 'pass not by them; turn from them and pass away, lest your feet go down to death, and your steps lay hold on hell.'

A cotemporary of mine in college had been remarkably distinguished for his sobriety, regularity and indefatigable application to study, from the time he entered college until the senior report was read. During this whole period, he was not once absent from prayers or recitation. I was in habits of familiar intercourse with him, and never knew or heard of his tasting spirits. In the lower classes, he ranked with the first division in scholarship. With the senior report he manifested some dissatisfaction, but said little. The evening after it was read, he procured some spirits, got drunk, and was a raving madman; declared he had been unjustly cheated of his dues, the Latin speech, (though, by the bye, he was perfectly singular in this opinion,) loaded a pistol, and swore by all that was good and bad, he would shoot one of the Professors, who, in his mania, he supposed was the author of the injustice. The pistol was wrested from him and secreted; and when the paroxysm seemed to have subsided, and those who had taken the oversight of him had retired, he rose and staggered towards the Professor's, yelled a drunken defiance, and began to stone the house: and had not the worthy Professor been asleep, or more inclined to pity than to punish, it had been easy to apprehend him, before his fellow-students, who happened to overhear him, could have made good his retreat, and all must have acquiesced in the justice of his dismissal. We know not how strangely a single debauch may metamorphose us.

How large a proportion of College disturbances and College discipline might be traced to the *hot springs*. The ancient Bacchanalia were always celebrated with wine, with the accompaniment of the cymbal and other musical instruments. How far the *tin trumpet* and the *cow-bell*, which have been known to break the silence of the night in modern times, may have owed their charming melody to a kindred inspiration, we have not the means of determining. One thing, however, is certain, that in those Seminaries in the North, in which all the students have signed the temperance pledge, such music is no longer heard.

Dr. Hosack dissected a man who died in a fit of intoxication. 'In the cavities of the brain,' says he, 'we found the usual quantity of limpid fluid. When we smelt it, the odour of whiskey was distinctly perceptible; and when we applied the candle to a portion in a spoon, it actually burnt blue—the lambent blue flame, characteristic of the poison, playing on the surface of the spoon for some seconds.' Can we wonder, then, that it destroys reason? It is a poison in the brain; and no wonder those who take a little,

have less reason than those who take none. Still, some men have sense and sensibility enough to despise themselves for being drunkards, while they want fortitude and strength to break the chain. Others again, veteran toppers, have become so callous and besotted as to glory in their shame; while a third class see and scorn the brutishness of others, but are strangely blind to their own. Two brothers in Kentucky, where the soil is rich, and in wet weather the mud very deep, were returning one evening from the grog-shop to their home. The way led through a miry lane. The one, losing his centre of gravity, lay extended at full length in the mud. The other, who had staggered to the road side, and was maintaining his perpendicularity by holding fast to the fence, upon seeing his brother's shameful predicament, exclaimed, in a tone of indignant reproach, 'John, I wouldn't be a hog.'

Allow me to say, that we are engaged in no sectarian cause. All denominations of christians, however they may differ in other matters, can and do unite here: And here every good man, every patriot, every friend of the human race, may unite with them.—Some of the greatest Statesmen in our own and other countries, are found in the Society's ranks. The infidel can here meet the christian on common ground. The temperance cause knows no party. It stands on catholic ground. Philanthropist is the generic term which includes the various species of its friends; and here, as on common ground, may every friend of man unite.

I have presented this subject, my young friends, almost exclusively in its bearings on your individual and secular interests. Should we carry it out to its legitimate limits, and contemplate it in its moral, social and political bearings, on our own country and on the world, but especially, should we regard it in its bearings on the interests of eternity, into what inconceivable magnitude would its importance swell. The word of divine inspiration declares that 'no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven.'

An authentic case is reported, in which a father used a small portion of spirit every day. He was never intoxicated, or thought to be in the least degree intemperate. He took very little, because he thought it did him good. His children, following his example, took a little every day; and so likewise did their children. Five years ago no less than forty of that man's descendants were either drunkards, or in a drunkard's grave. Another father adopted a different plan, neither using it himself, nor permitting it to enter his dwelling. He taught his children to regard it as a poison, a deadly poison: and now there is not a drunkard among them; nor has one of his descendants ever sunk into a drunkard's grave. Who can estimate the different results of the different courses pursued by these two fathers, when the long lines of their posterity, throughout all future ages, shall stand up before them, and before the universe, on the last great day? And if our minds struggle in vain to grasp the different results from a single indi-

vidual's adopting the plan of abstinence, or of moderate drinking, is it not beyond an archangel's ken to conceive that difference, carried down through all future generations, and onward to eternity, when applied to the million and a half in our own country, and as many more in others, now under the influence of the temperance reformation?

And can any one, young or old, who but glances at this subject in its several aspects, doubt for a moment into which scale he should throw the weight of his name and influence? Some, I know, refuse from a false shame to join the Temperance Society. I hope none of my young friends want courage to do right. Some again, think it unnecessary, because they are temperate already, and can continue so as well without signing a pledge. For themselves personally it may be unnecessary: but can a patriot or a philanthropist withhold the influence of his example for the benefit of others, though not personally interested himself? So did not Secretary Cass, though he had *never* used spirits. The question has been pertinently asked—Should a man refuse to unite with others in draining a stagnant pond, which was filling a city with pestilence, and give as his reason, that he was in health already, would he not give sad evidence that his heart, if not his head, was disordered? Or if a city were on fire, and a man should refuse his aid in checking the conflagration, because his own house was not in danger, how much sympathy would he deserve, if his own dwelling should be consumed?

Temperance Societies are designed for temperate men. Their object is to keep all sober, who are so now, 'till all irreclaimable drunkards are dead, and the world is free. No man can join without doing good. The world is composed of individuals.—The influence of the Universe is the aggregate of the influence of the individuals composing it. Let all sober men unite, and Providence will soon do the rest: for, if no new drunkards be made, in one short generation the vast armies of intemperance will have done their suicidal work, and the kind earth will conceal them from our view.

Union is strength. Twenty men, united under visible organization, will ordinarily effect more in any enterprise, than twenty times their number acting singly and without co-operation. Had the Congress of '76, instead of signing the Declaration of Independence, and pledging to each other 'their fortunes, their lives, and their sacred honor,' determined to oppose the enemy single-handed, as each man best could, and advised our forefathers to adopt the same mode of defence, we had been British colonies this very day—British vassals, subjected to the severer oppression for our pitiful, ill-concerted, impotent rebellion. The object of that paper was not to make men patriots, but to unite in one organized band, those who were patriots already. Such is the object of the Temperance Society; and if you are temperate already, this is the very reason why you should join it.

Is there any one, who, though temperate now, and designing never to be otherwise, is nevertheless unwilling to *sign away his liberty*? I will not say the liberty of being as often and as gloriously drunk as he may choose, but the liberty of taking a glass with a friend, or alone, if he should think proper, or feel so inclined. If, when that immortal instrument was presented for signature, one had said, "I do not like to *bind* myself never to serve King George; I do not serve him now; nor do I design to do so: but I am not willing to *sign away my liberty* of being his subject, if I should choose," would the men of '76 have acknowledged that man as a compatriot? Such patriots would never have achieved our glorious revolution. But Temperance Societies are voluntary associations. All who desire the good of their country and of human kind, may unite. As no one is forced to join, so no one is obliged to remain a moment longer than he wishes. Should he regret the act, he has only to apply to the Secretary and his name is stricken off, and no unkind question asked.

And now, my young friends, what are your feelings in view of this subject? We have already adverted to the importance of College Temperance Societies. And oh, how important is it, that a fountain, which sends forth its annual rills into every section of our Commonwealth, should be pure and wholesome, that it may impart a moral verdure to the face of the community.—Shall it be so? Shall it send forth the waters of purity, and temperance, and life, or the fiery streams of death? This question, my young friends, is for you to determine. The young promise of the State, the nursery of her future Lawyers and Physicians, and Divines and Statesmen, you are destined to exert a mighty influence for Carolina's weal or woe. The responsibility rests upon you, and whether you will or not, you cannot shake it off. 'A city set on a hill cannot be hid.' Will you nobly meet this responsibility and acquit yourselves like men? Then from this consecrated Hill will descend a genial stream of influence, to water and invigorate and purify the humble nurseries whose scions are transplanted into this, and successive generations will rise up and call you blessed.

Suppose your two literary societies, for the good of succeeding generations, had fifteen years ago entered into a mutual engagement, not to admit as a member of either, any student of the College, who should refuse to sign the temperance pledge; the painful reminiscences in the foregoing part of this address, had been spared. Suppose they should do it now; such melancholy cases would not again occur. Oh, had I Pitho's fabled power, I would persuade you to erect high in the centre of your area, your noble motto, 'VIRUE, LIBERTY AND SCIENCE'; and on the pedestal supporting it, in deep capitals, lasting as the granite itself, would I engrave—TOTAL ABSTINENCE FROM ALL THAT INTOXICATES.





